

NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS

By J. T. HEADLEY.

Profusely Illustrated by Reproductions of the Best French Pictures.

MARSHAL SOULT

HIS EARLY CAREER—REPELLED FOUR THOUSAND AUSTRIANS—GALLANTLY AT OSTRACH—TAKEN PRISONER—A GREAT MILITARY EFFICIENCY SHOWN AT THE BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ.

Nicholas-Jean-de-Dieu Soult was born in the small town of Amans, Department of Tarn, the 20th of March, 1769, or about four months after Bonaparte. His father was a country squire, of no distinction, and apparently unable to control the restless spirit of his boy, let him choose his own course of life.

Young Soult could not brook the confinement of study, and read little, and that not of the most instructive kind, and becoming perfectly disgusted with the old parchment of his father, at the age of 16 entered, as a volunteer, in a regiment of the Royal Infantry.

The revolution opened an ample field for his genius, and during the first struggles of the Republic he distinguished himself by his skill and bravery, and rapidly went up from Sergeant to Lieutenant, Adjutant, Major, Captain, Chief of Battalion, and Colonel, learning the art of war under Luckner, Hoche, Leleuvre, and Jourdan.

At the battle of Fleurus, in 1794, he was Chief of Staff under Leleuvre, and there exhibited that administrative and tactical genius, and penetration, in the hour of danger, which afterwards made him so conspicuous as a military leader. Gen. Marceau commanded the right of the army, and his division of 4,000 men was hurled back by a charge of the enemy and thrown into disorder.

Marceau, in despair, hurried to Soult, and asked for four battalions to help him restore the combat. But the latter said that he could not do so, as he was not a general, and that he was only a colonel. Soult told him to be calm and steady.

"Halt your men to the charge," said he, "and the four battalions shall come as soon as possible."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before Prince Coburg was on him like a rolling torrent, and Soult was in a moment in the thickest of the fight.

After the battle was over, Marceau sought him out, and, with a generous and generous pardon for his rudeness, and praised him for his valor.

Promoted to General of Brigade this year, he fought bravely at the battles of Altenkirchen, Lahn, and Friedberg. Being detached one day with three battalions and a hundred and fifty cavalry, to cover the left of the army, he suddenly found himself, in the course of this march, surrounded by 4,000 cavalry.

His destruction seemed inevitable; but he immediately formed his men into squares, he coolly met the shock, with a devouring fire, rolling round the steady ranks, emptied the enemy's saddles with frightful rapidity. But the Austrian commander, thinking this little band must go down before his fierce squadrons, rallied his men at a distance, and again ordered the charge.

The trumpets sounded, and these 4,000 riders moved to the onset. Advancing first on a platoon of dragoons, they broke into a fierce gallop, and with an impetuosity and strength that made the ground thunder and smoke in their passage, burst with a shout upon the ranks of the enemy. The smoke covered both for a moment, and when it lifted, the shattered squadrons were receding over the field.

Again and again they charged, and the cavalry reform and rush to the charge, and as often retire before the steady valor that opposed it. Thus for five successive hours, Soult stood amid his little band, animating them by his voice and example, till five successive volleys had been repulsed, and then continued his march, without having lost a single man in the hands of the enemy.

After the peace of Campo Formo, Soult retired to his estate, but in 1798, when Bonaparte was in Egypt, he is found again in the field of battle. At the village of Ostrach, with only 6,000 men, composing the advanced guard of the army, he was attacked by 25,000 Austrians under the Archduke Charles. Under the murderous fire of such superior numbers, his comparatively feeble band began to shake. One Italian battalion broke backward, and was on the point of flying, when Soult seized a standard, and rushing to the front, he ordered the soldiers to follow him, and boldly charged into the very midst of the enemy, and thus saved his army from a rout.

MADE A GENERAL OF DIVISION. The next month he was made General of Division, and passed through the campaign of Switzerland under Massena. While the latter was winning the battle of Zurich, Soult, stationed behind Lake Zurich and Wallenstadt, prevented the junction of the Austrians and Russians, was equally successful.

The enemy was encamped on the farther side of the Linth, in a secure position; but Soult organized a company of a hundred and fifty, armed with muskets, and sabers in their teeth, and holding their muskets in one hand over their heads, boldly dashed into the river at midnight, and swam to the opposite shore. They here made a stand till some grenadiers could be got over, and then attacked the camp of the enemy, putting it to rout, slaying and taking 4,000 men.

While these brilliant victories by Massena and Soult were sending a few rays of light across the gloom that hung over the French armies, Bonaparte returned from Egypt. Massena was immediately appointed to Genoa; and in assuming the command, he requested that Soult might be attached to him. He had seen his skill and bravery in Switzerland, and he needed him in the desperate undertaking which was now before him.

Elevated to the rank of Lieutenant-General, he passed the Alps; and after fighting bravely, he was finally expelled from Genoa. Here, by his fierce onset, which perfectly stunned the enemy, and by his brilliant victories, fighting heroically and victoriously against the most overwhelming numbers, he showed that Massena was not deceived in the spirit he had sought to aid him in this campaign.

ASSAULT ON MT. CRETTO. The last effort that was made before the French were completely shut up in the city was the assault on Mount Cretto, conducted by Soult. It was a desperate undertaking at the best, and in the midst of the bloody combat a thunderstorm swept over the mountain, and enveloped the two hosts. In the midst of the roar of the artillery, and louder roll of thunder, and flashes of lightning that outshone the glare of fire that wrapt the enemy, Soult led a last charge in one more effort to save the day.

Pressing boldly on into the midst of the fire, he was struck by a ball, and fell. Supposing he was killed, his men turned and fled. With a broken leg, he was taken prisoner, and soon after sent to the hospital.

Alexandria. Here news was finally brought him that Genoa had capitulated; and immediately after, that Bonaparte was in the plains of Italy, having fallen like an avalanche from the Alps.

Lying on his back, he heard one morning the departure of the Austrian army, as it issued forth over the Bormida to battle. The heavy tread of the marching columns, the rumbling of the artillery, and the thrilling strains of martial music, had scarcely died away on his ear, before the thunder of cannon shook the house in which he lay a helpless captive.

All day long, the windows in his room rattled to and fro, as the tremendous cannonading of the field of Marengo sent for miles around. Hour after hour, he lay and listened to the fast and fierce explosions, which, as how deadly the strife was, until at length the retreating tumult declared too well to his practiced ear that France was retreating.

Next he heard shouts of victory through the streets, and his eye flashed fire in the eagerness to help stem the tide of battle. All was lost, and he turned uneasily on his couch, which suddenly, without warning, the battle seemed to open with treble violence.

Again he listened; and as the sound drew near, a heart that beat with anxiety and as night came on, and through the darkness the fierce uproar approached the city, till the cannon seemed to be playing almost on its very walls—a smile of joy passed over his countenance.

The next moment a crowd of fugitives burst through the gates, and the cry of "All is lost," told the wounded chieftain that Italy was won.

Being soon after exchanged for some Austrian officer, he was presented to Napoleon, who had heretofore known little of him, except by report. He asked Massena if he was deserving of the high reputation he had gained. The hero of Genoa replied, "For judgment and courage he has few equals."

He had fought beside him in three desperate sorties from the city, and seen him charge with a coolness and intrepidity against overwhelming odds that won his admiration and esteem.

In consequence of this high encomium, Soult was appointed chief commander in Piedmont, to quell the brigands, called Barabets, and soon after was made Colonel-General of the Consular Guard, and given the command of the Camp of St. Omer.

When Napoleon meditated his grand descent on England, Soult was placed over the army between Boulogne and Calais. Knowing well what kind of an enemy England was, and the character of her troops, he commenced a course of discipline to which French soldiers had never been subjected.

With a frame of iron and a will that matched it, he concentrated all his energies to the task before him. From day to day he drilled his men, and his men drilled him.

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with great slaughter; but was compelled finally to retreat before the superior force of Wellington.

To put an end to the rivalry among the various Generals in Spain, Napoleon at length appointed him Major-General of the French army there, thus showing the high opinion he had of his military abilities.

The victory of Ocaña soon after justified the confidence placed in him.

For several years he carried on this unhappy war in Spain—now pursuing, and now retreating—until after the disastrous issue of the Russian campaign, when he was called by Napoleon, in 1813, to support his falling Empire on the north.

After the battles of Lutten and Bautzen, news reached Napoleon of his losses in the Peninsula, and the defeat of his army at the battle of Waterloo. He immediately looked around among his Generals to see who could best repair the follies of his royal brother; and Soult was again selected.

But the wife of the obedient Marshal did not wish to return to a country where there was such obstinate fighting with so few laurels, and used all her persuasions to induce him to remain in Spain.

He pressed on to Spain. He was finally beaten at every point. He, however, fought the last battle—the battle of the Pyrenees—on the 20th of June, 1815, and was again taken prisoner.

He was then sent to the island of St. Helena, where he died on the 26th of May, 1824, at the age of 55.

Confirmed in his ranks and titles by Louis XVIII., he was appointed to the Thirteenth Military Division. He was soon after named Minister of War; and in 1817, he was named Minister of War.

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ber, found himself at the head of nearly 80,000 men.

EVE OF AUSTERLITZ. His army was drawn up in a plain, with a slight rising on the left, which was covered with artillery. Two little streams flowed past the army into the lake, bordered with marshes to protect it, while on the high slope was pitched the Emperor's tent, overlooking the whole scene.

Opposite the French army was a waving line of heights, the highest of which, the Pratzen, a few miles distant, formed the center of the allied forces, numbering 80,000 men, commanded by the Emperors of Russia and Austria in person.

Under Soult was placed the finest corps in the army, for the weight of the battle was designed to rest on him, and the heights of Pratzen, forming the enemy's center, was to be his field of combat.

Napoleon had been on horseback all day long, and after dark was riding along the dunes previous to his departure to the tent, when the news of his approach spread like lightning through the whole army.

Suddenly the soldiers seized the bundles of straw that had been supplied them for their bivouacs, and lighting them at one end lifted them on poles over their heads, making an illumination as splendid as it was unexpected. All along the line of these blazing torches lighted the path of the astonished Napoleon—the first anniversary of his coronation.

Under the enthusiastic shout of "Vive l'Empereur!" he burst around him. The cry was caught by the next and the next battalion as he advanced, and prolonged by the high wind, covered by the rolling light, and the shout of that army, rolling in like the roar of the sea over the heights, miles away, falling with an ominous sound on the camp of the enemy.

It was a scene that baffles description. Those myriad torches, blazing and swinging to and fro in the darkness—a ball of fire in the center, and a line of light on the sides, and the shout of that army, rolling in like the roar of the sea over the heights, miles away, falling with an ominous sound on the camp of the enemy.

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Three Months in the Southern Confederacy

BY SIR ARTHUR JAMES LYON-FREEMANTLE.

K. C. M. G., C. B., now Lieutenant-General, British Army.

In the evening I made the acquaintance of Gen. Wheeler, Van Dorn's successor in the command of the cavalry of this army, which is over 24,000 strong. He is a very little man, only 26 years of age, and is very dressed in a coat much too big for him. He made his reputation by protecting the retreat of the army through Kentucky last year. He was a graduate of West Point, and seems a remarkably zealous officer, besides being very modest and unassuming in his manner.

Gen. Polk told me that, notwithstanding the departure of Breckinridge, this army is now much stronger than it was at the time of the battle of Murfreesboro. I think that probably 45,000 infantry and artillery could be brought together immediately for a battle.

June 2.—Col. Grenfell and I rode to the outposts, starting on the road to Murfreesboro at 6 a. m. He explained to me the method of fighting adopted by the Confederate cavalry, which he said was admirably adapted for this country; but he denied that they could, under any circumstances, sustain a fair charge of regular cavalry in the open.

Their system is to dismount and leave their horses in some secure place. One man is placed in charge of his own and three other horses, whilst the remainder act as infantry skirmishers in the dense woods and broken country, making a tre-

tion than might have been expected, considering the scanty food and hard duty they had had to put up with for the last five